

Queen FRX4 (ooo)

So, FRX4 (ooo) or QN

Sometime in 1937, or any September 9th piled with overlapping body parts and timbers: we were not signed in, but natural, unmixed, unadulterated - and another of my chief excitements.

There is a simple reason for this. I don't feel so great, nor another soldier's anus.

It was then I was told - in a series of howls - that *what follows will be charged with a sense of the theatrical or 'action glazing' or the freedom of capitalism or loved ones.*

This time we have to be on time: ours is the first slice - from the upper vertex, proceeding with a throbbing gait through the mid-feelings toward the area of the abyss, creating a striking range of projects.

So here was proliferation. And expansion. But I replied that one day, along with the excitement of all organs, and tickling, strangers will meet each other in small bubbles created by regeneration schemes - and even in this suffering, frenzy, and torture - no provocateur will use words to calm the limbs of our music.

This caused them to fumble at the shutter, and immediately shake clean, and drip. What an abundance of parts! an invigorating collapse!

They gestured at something with noises and swung codes: *You are not-yet-here, but kneading the skin wrapping orses or head's. What's got hold of you?*

PE

I sent a message to *Mother, T* and *all Them* via Prague and the pump-channel brilliance

of William. It rendered through a haptic cipher some words:

I'm / doing / more / than / just / listening / to / you

It didn't matter. In response I discovered that in place of a left ankle I had been fitted a prosthetic haze, with a richer geometry and never any problems.

What concerned me was that same seeping sound: beneath this ankle, with my foot still in place - a boolean flower had been placed in my shoe that alternately became: EITHER - sweetness, interiority, crystalline, chemical, in-reaction OR - flowing through, below identification, informing code, anticipating behaviour, remaining viscous in motion.

As they spun infection perched on my shoulder I had repeated a shell of procedures now at 4.5. At what was originally 1400-something to one side, I now saw encapsulating masks - the hand carved wooden frame illustrating an immaculate misunderstanding of human anatomy.

It seemed the only possible deviation to *upoopenie* was whispering through an aperture left slightly ajar two or three iterations in the past for the shoelace replacing velcro. Unfortunately, once opened was Korea with unmeasured legs in rubber slippers, Rob, G or G's hum, and *Persistence* through each strung bead.

Maybe you have?

The sound cycled menacingly in echoes beating forward along those bastard pipes.

It is not your face.

Closer, and then - cutting deep into the neck:

Who has granted you this superiority?

Then they announced that *the brain was a convention, double wounded* - something different from what they'd ask us to do to keep within uniform, like the changes between the feeling for pauses or the janitor.

I thought that I could only be adding to all that suffering, so like honeycomb, against impulse, to make something actually come about while they were sleeping or dead or wearing glasses - I had affairs with both men and women, via a pattern recognition scam.

I knew it was *still the edges that kill*, but perhaps Marian or Rita's hysteria or Randolph's phobia was felt as poise or counter-poise only bulbous in relief to the envelopes of credit folding neat around *Rugged Husks* or *Ballast GTX* or *Kiffle Redux* or *Darius*.

Gone with the Universal Retreat

From humours previously confined to all the moisture secreted by the ill fitting new me, all I had left was the unmaskable not-quite's - inflating and widening, just out of reach: or the torrent of their inner self being smashed to my mediocrity.

Softly and from a distance: *not repeated, not recognised*.